She may be honeſt yet: tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a handkerchiefe,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one, twas my firſt gift.
Iag. I know not that, but ſuch a handkerchiefe
I am ſure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Caſsio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that,
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It ſpeakes againſt her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the ſlaue had forty thouſand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now I doe ſee tis true, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, ——tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and hearted Throne,
To tyrranous hate, ſwell boſome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aſpicks tongues. *he kneeles.*
Iag. Pray be content.
Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I ſay, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago*;
Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſiue courſe,
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,
To the *Propontick* and the *Helleſpont*:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble loue,
Till that a capeable and wide reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a ſacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not riſe yet: Iago *kneels.*
Witneſſe the euer-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about;
Witneſſe that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othellos* ſeruice: let him command,

And

And to obey, ſhall be in me remorce,
What bloody worke ſo euer.
Oth I greet thy loue;
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bo
And will vpon the inſtant put thee to't,
Within theſe three dayes, let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſsio's* not aliue.
Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you requeſt, but let her liue.
Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death
For the faire deuill: now art thou my Leiutena
Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Enter Deſdemona, Emilia *and the Clown*
Deſ. Doe you know ſirra, where the Leiute
Clo. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Deſ. Why man?
Clo. He is a Soldier, and for one to ſay a So
Deſ. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell y
Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for m
and ſay he lies there, were to lie in mine owne t
Deſ. Can you enquire him out, and be edifi
Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, th
And by them anſwer.
Deſ. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell h
Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To doe this, is within the compaſſe of
fore Ile attempt the doing of it.
Deſ. Where ſhould I looſe that handkerchi
Em. I know not Madam.
Deſ. Beleeue me, I had rather looſe my purſ
Full of Cruſadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As icalous creatures are, it were enough

H